

## Liam by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

**Series:** [Prettyboii's Harringrove Halloween Countdown 2018](#) [6]

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**Summary:**

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 6 — Steve is petrified. He's not even sure he'll survive the night, but this may be the first and last time he gets to meet Billy, the real Billy, so he has to make the most of it.

(part two of the demonic possession au)

## Liam

Billy's eyes fade back to blue, but Steve isn't convinced it's the real boy just yet. He's been fooled for months now, tricking him with those gentle eyes isn't enough to make him think that the actual William Hargrove would agree to his touch.

He notices the boy take a shy step backwards and his heart starts to pound impossibly harder. So, maybe it is the real him and he just doesn't want to be near Steve. He's not sure how, but this scares him more than the realization that he's spend the past six months fucking and falling in love with a demon.

"I'm sorry," Steve manages as Billy steps further away. His voice cracks as tears begin to fall. He feels guilty, and scared, and filthy. "I didn't know Billy, I'm so sorry."

"I love you," Billy croaks out, lifting a shaky hand to cup Steve's cheek. They're his first words and Steve's shocked to hear them. It's the first time in two years he's ever had full control of himself, and he knows it won't last long, so he has to take full advantage of it.

Steve whimpers, tears continuing to fall down his face as Billy's gentle hand touches him. It's different somehow, despite those hands being the same ones that always touched Steve, it's not quite the same with the real man behind the wheel.

"I love you too," Steve whispers as Billy's thumb brushes away a few tears. Billy shakes his head, but smiles. It's nice to hear those words purely, as opposed to echoed in the prison he's typically trapped in, but it's not true no matter how much he or Steve want it to be.

"No, you don't," the words aren't aggressive, he's not accusing him of anything, Billy just has far too much time to think over the cruel truths he's faced with; Neil never loved him and Steve will never get a chance to, not really. The demon now not only controls Billy, but in a way Steve, and selfishly he's grateful for it, because even if Steve isn't truly his, he gets to keep him in his life, see him through his stolen eyes.

“No, I do, Billy I love you,” Steve argues, his eyes pleading and Billy can practically feel Steve’s heart break. He has to fight not to let the demon smirk; it’s still his time, ten minutes he was promised, and he’ll use every last second of it.

“*Baby*,” Billy can’t help that the endearment falls off his lips; he didn’t think he’d ever get to call someone that. “You don’t even know me, you can’t love me.”

Again, it’s not an accusation, Billy doesn’t feel slighted or betrayed, he just knows truths that Steve doesn’t. If Steve knew him, he’d know that William actually hates being called Billy, because that’s Neil’s name for him. He prefers being called Liam, like his mom used to say when she’d gently brush through his curls and kiss the top of his head. Steve would know that *Liam* is actually desperate to chop his hair off, has been since the first time he realized it helped Neil get a real firm grip, and only put it off because he has his mother’s hair. He’d know that yeah, Billy does love Led Zeppelin and Def Leppard, but he also kind of loves Cyndi Lauper; he’s made a habit of humming her in his head since he knows it pisses the beast off. He’d know that Billy isn’t always all teeth and tongue, that he’s a romantic, and he’ll turn a brighter red than Max’s hair if flustered. He’d know that Billy was actually a good big brother, and that he cries over stupid shit like romantic comedies and finishing a book he didn’t want to end. He’d know he does more than just get his tits out and wear a Saint around his neck to be ironic. He’d know that Billy is worthy of his love.

Steve looks as though he’s been slapped and that crushes Billy; he tries to swallow down the pleasure that rushes through him as Steve’s suffering. He knows it’s the demon’s emotions coursing through him, the sadistic streak spreading through him like a poison, but it’s still hard to ignore.

He brings his other hand up so that he’s holding Steve’s face in his hands, gently holding him like the most delicate, precious treasure Billy’s ever come across. If this is his last moment of pure human contact, the only warmth he’ll ever feel, he’s happy to have received it from Steve.

“It’s okay Steve, it’s okay,” he nods and Steve still looks absolutely

crushed, but his shoulders finally relax and Billy can sense the tension finally flowing out of him. He finds peace in Billy's forgiveness and permission, and that's all that Billy could ask for. "Just do me a favor before I leave?"

Steve looks at him with confusion and a morbid curiosity. He also looks crestfallen, fresh tears falling as he already starts to grieve Billy. It's comforting, knowing that there's now someone out there that will notice his absence and mourn him.

"Anything," he nods, uncaring of what may happen. He'll do whatever it takes to do right by William Hargrove, the real human boy that most likely will never be heard from again.

"Kiss me, just for once kiss me so that I can feel it before I go." Billy thinks Steve might deny him, now that he knows that Billy and his lover aren't actually the same person despite sharing the same skin.

Steve offers him a sad smile before leaning forward and pressing his lips to Billy's. Billy has never tasted anything so sweet and pure, never felt anything as soft or thrilling. He finds comfort in his first and last kiss as himself, isn't even surprised or all that hurt that he doesn't get to say goodbye.

When Steve pulls away, Billy's eyes are black and Steve feels terror coursing through him once more. Still, he doesn't run. He won't leave William Hargrove to die alone with his demons.